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IN VACATION.

The Laws Delay?—In the early days of Sioux City the district court was presided over by a judge who, although a man of great ability, was given to rather free indulgence in ardent drinks. He was fond of sports of all kinds, and when a chance to witness a horse race happened to coincide with a sufficient number of drinks the judge's court was apt to be adjourned for the occasion. Once when he was holding court in an outlying part of the district word reached him of an unusually attractive event which was to come off in Sioux City, to see which he would have to start almost immediately. Hastily he announced: "The sheriff will adjourn court sine die."

Now, it chanced that there was a prisoner awaiting trial who had not been able to give bond, and as only two terms were held in a year the prospect of spending six months in jail was not at all pleasing to him. His counsel sprang to his feet and made an eloquent plea in behalf of his client. The judge listened thoughtfully, and after the lawyer was done speaking, fumbled through the docket till he found the case.

"State of Iowa against Bud Jones," he read. "What's this man charged with?"

The district attorney stated that the charge was burglary.

"Prisoner, stand up," said the judge. "You are charged with the crime of burglary, sir. What's your plea?"

"Not guilty," responded the prisoner.

"What's that?" said the judge, an expression of intense surprise coming over his face.

"Not guilty, your honor," repeated the prisoner.

"Well, that's a damn good plea," said the judge. "Prisoner discharged. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court sine die."

And his honor lit out for the train.—Cent. Law Journal.

The Doctor.—Lord Bramwell, a notable wit of the English bench, was once sitting in a case where the prisoner was accused of shop-lifting. "My lord, my client is not a common thief," urged the barrister for the defense. "He is suffering from kleptomania." "That is exactly the disease I am here to cure," replied Lord Bramwell, blandly.—The Green Bag.